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THE CARMEL CYMBAL

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CONGRESSMAN McGRATH STILL THINKS CARMEL HAS CHANCE FOR POST OFFICE

Congressman John J. McGrath of this district still believes that the United States Post Office Department contemplates the erection of a post office building in Carmel. He has written to the Carmel Business Association, informing it of the passage by the House of Representatives of the \$58,000,000 appropriation bill and adds: "this means that the Carmel post office will be constructed, but there is a possibility of delay."

Carmel takes this "possibility of delay" with a grim smile. The Business Association, at its meeting last night, was not expected to do anything about Congressman McGrath's letter except to consider it interesting.

It appears to be the belief that the day when a new post office was imminent in Carmel is some little distance past, and that this present wide and wild federal construction scheme doesn't seriously include this city in its probabilities of actuality.

However, this is the letter from our congressman:

Carmel Business Association,
Gentlemen:

Carmel has been selected as one of the cities recommended for a new Post Office building by the Post Office Department and the procurement division of the treasury. The funds are to be supplied from the second deficiency Appropriation Bill which was just passed by the House and is now in the Senate for consideration.

This means that the Carmel Post Of-

fice will be constructed, but there is a possibility of delay as the Appropriation Bill calls for but \$58,000,000 while the total requested by the departments is \$88,668,500. Several other cities in our district have been approved and some objection will undoubtedly be raised by other districts to the construction of so many public buildings in the Eighth district.

I would suggest that your association and others interested get a list of perspective sites, etc. ready for presentation to the treasury department, if and when such request comes. You will understand that this is purely tentative and that considerable time may elapse before an actual proposal is requested by the departments.

I have presented Carmel's case in the most favorable light and I will continue to do all that I can.

With kindest regards, I remain
Very sincerely,
[Signed] John J. McGrath,
Congressman.

Council to Meet Friday This Week

There will be no meeting of the Carmel City Council on Wednesday evening. Or rather, since the date is that of the regular monthly meeting, the council will meet and adjourn until Friday when it will have lots of work to do.

Matters to come up Friday are the second reading of the ordinance making

BIG EVENTS SCHEDULED FOR FOREST THEATER

Hooray! Another two days of hilarity with the Carmel Village Fair at the Forest Theater tomorrow and Friday. And George Seideneck is an expert at running carnivals of unprecedented gaiety. You can't expect a sane conversation with the man these days, speak to him and you'll get back: "Grr-grr-grr, it's the African Camp, Henry Dickinson's African Camp—grr-grr, e-ouooo—" And off he goes, hair flying, expression that of a jungle beast who's just lost its young. As a matter of fact he may be simply looking for Lita Batten and the rest of his committee members—he finds 'em, too, and, further, he holds his committee meetings and gets results. It'll be a good fair.

All sorts of events are planned to take your fancy and, of course, your money. A jitney dance will be one of the popular spots, especially since Allen Knight's Orchestra is to provide the music. Bob Stanton is going to sing. (How about "Shortenin' Bread" Bob? Might as well expect to sing that—you made us know and like it; you'll have to satisfy the wants of us now.) They've even got Bob Leidig handling a concession. What? Why, of course, none other game than that of Beano. And Fred Leidig will take care of any and all beer. Mrs. Nellie Brown is managing the picture raffle—contributions from the Peninsula artists—and don't forget where Bob Smith got Bonnie. This year the lucky Smith may get a Hansen Monterey Bay scene or a Fitzgerald landscape.—It's always worth a chance. Francis Shaw is running his Punch and Judy show and, as mentioned above, Henry Dickinson will take care of the African Camp. Go to it George, you and your committee. We'll see you at the fair.

(By the way, do you think you can competently run a show—after being a judge in that bathing beauty contest?)

drunkenness illegal in Carmel, hearing the report of the committee in charge of plans for a new firehouse, the matter of a new Postoffice building for Carmel, a report from the Carmel Business Association on their decision about paying part of a salary for an additional night watchman. The council will decide whether or not to spend \$250 as Carmel's part in the expense of a program to celebrate the opening of the Carmel-San Simeon highway in 1936.

Miss Velma Bowers of San Jose spent last week-end in Carmel as the guest of Mrs. Carl Rasmussen.

Let's Draw Curtain On Russian Humor

All right, now let's have no more of this Russian stuff for a while.

The Pinon Players did a good job with "The Inspector-General" and that is principally why I utter the prayer. They did such a good job with it that it was presented as perhaps the playwright would have wished it presented. It is there I find the fault with it. I am now quite certain that my funny bone is not to be touched by Russian humor. Russian seriousness is about all I can cope with today. To some, that's just horseplay, too, and to them this Russian comedy stuff must be an added annoyance.

As I said last week, when it comes to what's funny, or, to judge by the two plays I have seen in the past fortnight, what's apparently funny, to the Russians, is precisely not funny to me; it borders, rather, on the vulgar, and in "Inspector-General" this was even more apparent than in "Squaring the Circle."

However, The Pinon Players did the job at hand well, admirably, and perhaps that should constitute wholly the measure of my appreciation of them. Harry Mines was perfectly cast as the Mayor and no one could have been prettier or more beguiling than Frank Spencer as the fake inspector-general. He got drunk beautifully if a bit too rapidly and when sober he stood with grace on his dignity.

While I am paying compliments to Franklin Wilbur as a consistently good actor, and to Donald Harter and Yancey Smith, I cannot overlook tipping a vodka or two to our own Milt Latham whose abiding role as an entertainer lost no lustre the past week-end. —W. K. B.

CHIEF NORTON DILIGENTLY LOOKING FOR CARMEL PROWLER

Look twice before you shoot. It may be only the Chief of Police. He is prowling around nights looking for prowlers and appearing at the office looking sleepy in the morning. There have been recent reports of disturbance from night prowlers and Robert Norton is looking for them.

CARELESS DEPOSITING OF RUBBISH MEANS LABOR

Miguel Lopez had a job the other day and didn't like it. He didn't get paid for it, either. He did it on the official request of Police Judge George L. Wood. It appears that Mr. Lopez was careless to the extent of depositing rubbish on vacant lots at Second street and Camino del Monte. He was taken into custody and appeared before Judge Wood who gave him a suspended sentence on the understanding that Lopez remove the rubbish.

Johan Hagemeyer Exhibits Photographs

Carmel's recluse photographer came out of hiding last week for long enough to hang a few choice camera portraits in the foyer of the Community Playhouse by request of The Pinon Players.

Johan Hagemeyer's exhibition of fourteen portraits is a haphazard selection of great, unknown and familiar faces of men, which he prefers photographing; women, of whom his portraits are, I think, matchless; and children. In child portraits he excels. They are so good that they are not only better than other child portraits but they are better than his own portraits of grown people. This sounds involved but is simple. The lily doesn't need gilt and Hagemeyer knows it.

As a suitable gesture Mr. Hagemeyer exhibits five-year old portraits of Eugenia Onz and Gilmer Brown of the Pasadena Playhouse. Musicians, Elayne Lavrans, Roland Hayes, Radiana Pazmor, Richard Buhlig and Allan Bier are shown. A Zemach dancer, Evelyn Lynn, Iris Alberto, and the great Einstein are there, and a few nameless sitters who are just as interesting when photographed by Johan Hagemeyer.

It is impossible to get Hagemeyer's "philosophy" of photography. He won't talk about it but one can see that he has a good solid philosophy because, are not the photographs he did ten years ago as good and new today as any of his or anybody's work? I must get him to talk sometime. —P. M.

John Mather, who has been in school for the past year at Babson's near Boston has returned to Carmel for the summer with his mother, Mrs. Stella Stafford Mather. Johnny reports that it's a fine school—only about twelve miles from Wellesly.

Jacobinoff Opens Summer Concerts

By ALAN CAMPBELL

Sascha Jacobinoff opened the series of summer concerts with a violin recital at the Sunset School Auditorium on the evening of June 25.

In the opening number, Vitali's "Chaconne," one was immediately made aware of the excellence of Jacobinoff's instrument—a Guadagnini, owned by the King of Spain's family for over a century and secured by Jacobinoff from the Concert Master of the Berlin Philharmonic.

Jacobinoff played Handel's "D Major Sonata" with requisite dignity and purity of tone but he was emotionally more at home in the "Concerto B Minor" of D'Ambrosio—an appealingly melodic work, at times strangely reminiscent of Grieg and Franck!

Debussy's delicate "En Bateau" was individually phrased as was Schubert's delightful "Bee." Schumann's lovely "Prophet-bird" had the fantasy and poetry of a fairy tale.

The closing number, Sarasate's "Gypsy Airs" with its beguiling rhythms and sudden changes of tempo seemed particularly well suited to Jacobinoff's style of playing, revealing the warmth and beauty of his tone.

Alice Austin proved herself remarkably gifted as an accompanist.

Two young Fleishhackers of San Francisco spent last week-end in Carmel.

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FOREST THEATER

JULY 4 & 5

TWO-TWELVE P. M.

SEASON TICKET FOR BOTH DAYS 25c

FUN...FROLIC...FOOLISHNESS

Adventures In Eating Out

No. 16

Pick one of our blue-and-gold days and take some one who's never been there down for his or her first look at the Highlands—and if that isn't a thrill we don't know what is! It's such fun to watch the expressions of interest gradually become filled with admiration and then awe, until a certain climax when astonishment and enthusiasm seem to render the sight-seer practically speechless. We always feel as complacently gratified as if we had personally planned those wave-washed cliffs and piled up the canyon-cut mountains behind them.

Not long ago it was our pleasure and privilege to take an old college friend down to the Highlands Inn for lunch. It was all quite perfect; it was the sort of brilliant day when the Pacific was its most startling aquamarine, the surf co-operated in the general effect by dashing huge piles of the whitest foam against the ragged shoreline—and the O. C. F. had never seen any of it! After climbing and winding up the steep road where you naturally keep your eye on the turns rather than the view, that first moment of stepping into the living room of the Inn is an experience you never forget. Huge windows the whole length of the enormous room frame the indescribably beautiful panorama of deep blue sea meeting blue sky at a distant horizon, while closer at hand you look down through tufted pines to the dazzling breakers curling up and

around the bold headlands and solitary rocks along that incredible shore. (Please don't think we are attempting to describe the Highlands view—it would take a better man than we are, Gunga Din!)

By assuring the O. C. F. that the dining room also had a generous supply of just as clean-paned windows we persuaded her to leave the living room and go in search of other more substantial food. At a sunny table beside a window we found we could look down the coast with one eye and glance over the menu with the other. At least, that's what the O. C. F. more or less did, but we don't mind admitting that we still keep our eternally youthful interest in a good meal and give it all our attention, and how could Highlands Inn serve anything but delicious food in that gorgeous setting? The O. C. F. hastily murmured "Cracked crab" and continued to gaze fascinated at the view; the editor of the *Sea Gull* (who was helping me entertain, the Editorial Half being too busy), after a solemn consideration of the entire menu from top to bottom, chose beefsteak, and we pounced upon creamed sweetbread, a dish we hadn't tasted in a dog's age. And what all went with those main items in the way of soup, salad, hot rolls, coffee and desert—well, they were all there and all delicious. It would be worth going a good many more miles than the few between Carmel and the Highlands to eat such a meal as the Inn gives you—to the accompaniment of such a view. —D. C.

PHONOGRAPH CONCERT WILL FEATURE RUSSIAN MUSIC

Through the courtesy of Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Bruno, Peninsula music lovers will have the opportunity of hearing some of the Bruno collection of phonograph records, which includes many fine recordings unobtainable in the United States. From their private collection, they will give a Russian program this evening at 8 o'clock at the Aztec Studio Shop. Those wishing to attend are requested to register beforehand at the Aztec Studio Shop. There will be no admission charge.

The program will be divided into two schools, the old nationalist, as represented in the first three numbers, and the modern, to be heard in the last two numbers.

Should this arouse sufficient interest, it is likely that Lloyd Bruno will arrange some other interesting concerts from his extensive collection of classic recordings.

CARMEL TRAFFIC TERRIFIES TOBY, GERMAN SHEPHERD

Harry Geim's German Shepherd Toby isn't used to being up town but on Tuesday he escaped from the hitching post at home and came up with three feet of heavy chain clanking on the pavement. The traffic terrified him and though he was friendly with everyone it was impossible to detain him for long because he was out to find his master, which he finally did after visiting the police office and Western Union, where smart people go when they are trying to locate anyone.

Ernst Bacon, director of the Bach music festival, is being visited by his father, Dr. C. S. Bacon, who is Professor Emeritus of gynaecology at the University of Illinois in Chicago and by his brother, Dr. C. S. Bacon Jr., Geologist of Riverside.

Abas Quartet Next Attraction In Summer Series

The Abas String Quartet, familiar musicians to Carmel music lovers, are presenting the second concert in the Music Society's Summer Series. All are familiar to us, musically, and Nathan Abas, Theodore Norman, and, particularly Abraham Weiss are familiar to us personally, having played in the Penha String Quartet either as guest soloists or as members of Penha's quartet. The Abas string quartet concert will be Tuesday, July 9 in the Sunset School Auditorium and their program as planned includes: Mozart: B flat Major; Kodlay: Quartet, No. 2; Beethoven: Quartet, Opus 59, No. 1.

Hartland Law, who lived here and was employed in architect Robert Stanton's office at Del Monte, left recently for an indefinite stay in San Francisco.

Macbeth's Suggested Reading...

Hindenburg
Emil Ludwig
Hasta La Vista
Christopher Morley
Tortilla Flat
John Steinbeck
Fully Dressed and In His
Right Mind
Michell Fessier
Deep Dark River
Robert Rylee
Murder In The Surgery
James D. Edwards, M. D.
Satan Was A Man
Edward Hale Bierstadt

Ice Cream Soda

You will be both surprised
and delighted...we make
it SO different!

Whitney's
BREAKFAST · LUNCHEON
DINNER
Ocean Avenue...In the
Center of Carmel

The Carmel Cymbal

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It is the policy of the Cymbal to solicit no advertising from concerns or stores outside of Carmel which sell goods in direct competition to Carmel merchants

Yes, We'll Have No Bunting

Carmel is to be congratulated on the assurance given by the Business Association that this year there is to be no second-hand bunting strung across and hung about store fronts on Ocean Avenue in celebration of the Serra Festival. Complaints about last year's atrocious and inappropriate decorations have had their effect and the business men have decided that this year Carmel shall not have the appearance of a cheap circus sideshow while commemorating the advent in these parts of a quiet Catholic priest bent on showing the Indians how spiritually they should go.

* * *

Sorry, T. Jefferson

There is considerably more in the present ordinance limiting the shooting of fireworks to the sand dunes than an intention to annoy the youth of the city. In a community situated as is Carmel, there is no vigilance, no restriction too drastic for the protection of life and property. It is an old song, may be, harped on the annoyance of some people, but the fire hazard in Carmel is something worth annoying anybody about. This year it is particularly meacing, what with the tall, dry grass in almost every vacant lot in town, to say nothing of the inflammable nature of the floor of the woods.

Recently a woman politely warned two boys who were busy violating the law on a residence street bordered by tall, dry grass. A man walked out of a near-by house and admonished her: "Aw, let the kids alone; they aren't doing any harm."

Sure, and Mrs. O'Leary's cow kicked over the lantern, so 'tis said, and what happened in Chicago doesn't concern a person who lives, say, at Tenth and Casanove, half as much as what might happen in Carmel as the result of a boy's firecracker. And it wouldn't make any difference if the boy happened, which is so probable in Carmel, to be reciting the Declaration of Independence at the very moment he cast the firecracker into a receptive bunch of dry grass.

It boils down to the point that we'll just have to curb the youthful desire to honor Thomas Jefferson, no matter how strong and how prevalent that desire may be tomorrow in Carmel, as a safeguard against burning down a city that would burn, and burn terribly, if it started.

* * *

A New Post Office

The matter of a new post office, in fact, of a post office for the first time, in Carmel, crops up again with the letter to the Carmel Business Association from Congressman McGrath calling attention to a federal appropriation for such. There was a time when this intention of the government was taken quite seriously and option was taken on a site and pledges made for the purchase of it. Then the federal desire waned in the matter and it was allowed to drop, the pledges long since lapsing. Followed the Murphy coup and the more or less permanent establishment of postal activities in his building at Mission and Ocean. Now, again, the possibility of a permanent federal building here is being discussed, albeit somewhat casually.

Out of it all there does not seem to be much of a chance that the post office in Carmel will ever again be placed anywhere near the center of the city. Even with the selection of a site when the government attitude was warm, the location was about as far as it is possible to get it from the center of things and still within the limits of the business section. The spot selected was that now occupied by the stable at Junipero and Ocean Avenue. Why not put it at the top of the Ocean

Avenue hill on Carpenter street? That would be swell for Hatton Fields.

It looks hopeless from the present viewpoint, but what is being talked about, and which should have some results, is the proposal that at least a mail box be placed in the center of the business section, say, at Dolores and Ocean. This would be a great convenience for business people and ordinary citizens alike. By some sort of hook or crook, perhaps an amendment to the constitution, it would, or it might, be possible to arrange that a mail collector be sent from the post office to gather up mail from such a box at least twice a day. Somebody with, perhaps, Murphy's influence at Washington, could get that over.

And also, why not a stamp-selling station at that location? If the government won't put one there, how about Ewig, or Stella's, or Conrad Imelman, doing it anyway? There isn't anything to be made on stamps—not anything much—except the intangible value in granting accommodation and, incidentally, bringing people in off the street to seduce them with neckties, underwear, cotton thread, yards of muslin, bananas or canned string beans. Ewig's would have the extra bait of a bottle of Seagram's.

But, why not?

PHILIP REMER NOW IN SUCCESSFUL BROADWAY PLAY

Philip Remer is in a Broadway success, "Ceiling, Zero." This we heard from his aunt, Helen Ware, who, you might say, gave him a start in the theatre. His first stage appearance was made in Carmel while visiting his actress aunt. Returning to New York, armed with letters from Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Burt, and local experience, young Remer was on Broadway in no time but the play flopped. This time he has a better vehicle.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Crossman with their two sons and daughter, Jean, are leaving for their ranch in Hobbs, New Mexico, within the next week. They will remain there the summer. Their other daughter, Doris, is spending the summer at a girls' camp at Huntington Lake.

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Shopping With Cymbaline

"The loveliest little new studio has opened on San Carlos, just below Seventh," remarked Cymbaline, coming in from her usual morning downtown, "it's called Kay the Potter's. The front room is a charming livingroom full of sunshine—yes, of course, when it isn't foggy! But haven't we had a lot of sun lately?—and a couple of pieces of old walnut furniture and a big couch covered with a heavenly shade of—" she hesitated, looking a bit doubtful. "Perhaps I'm all wrong but I think it was what I'd call turquoise green! And I think the curtains are the same—whatever it is, it's a delightful color—"

"Yes, but how about the pottery?" I interrupted.

"Of course, there's the pottery," returned Cymbaline. "I was starting with the furnishings because it was such a nice setting for the pottery. There was quite a variety of it around, on the bureau and small tables and a desk, but yet there was just enough so that—almost—it looked like what any one might just naturally have sitting about a room! And each piece showed up beautifully that way. There were the most amusing little animal grotesques, just for ornament, and ash trays galore and bowls, and of course vases and lamps."

"Does she do them there?" I asked.

"Oh yes, and she showed me the two rooms behind the front one where she does all the work, modeling and putting on the glaze and everything. Kay herself is such a friendly, informal sort of person. There's a regular kiln and I had a peek at a beautiful big salad bowl some one had ordered being baked! You know, pottery that's made like that, each article separately and differently by hand, is so much more attractive and desirable than the kind that's turned out by the hundred—or even by the dozen."

"All these generalities are very interesting but I'd like to get a few specific details," I said, "some practical information on a few prices! You know I'm trying to decide on that wedding present for Clare, and if you saw anything that—"

"Certainly," exclaimed Cymbaline, "there was a lovely shallow dish of turquoise glaze with a design on it of fruits which would be just the thing. It's just the right size for a family of two and it could be used for all sorts of things, not only fruit. The price is seven-fifty—but it took eleven hours to put on the glaze and you would have the pleasure of knowing there wasn't another one exactly like it! And then there was a darling little individual cream and sugar set, only two

dollars, and the ash trays I specially liked, with the jaunty sail sticking up, were a dollar, and oh dear, there were loads of other things. I can't remember all the prices—a heavenly turquoise vase for four dollars, I think—well, really, you'd better go and see for yourself. There would probably be something else you'd pick out that I've forgotten. Anyhow, I would like you just to see the fruit dish before you decide on anything else."

* * *

"I have, in my life," remarked Cymbaline, "done a good deal of embroidery, more than I like to think about now. I feel, therefore, that I am qualified to speak on such matters."

"Oh, you've been looking at embroidery this time?" Cymbaline had just returned from Ocean Avenue. She carried a cardboard box.

"Well, words pretty nearly fail me when I think of what I have been looking at," she returned, "and think at the same time of the prices! I've been in Anna Katz's just gloating over her rack of embroidered voile dresses from Hungary and cross-stitched linen coats from Poland. They are simply stunning—most of the dresses are beautiful fine white voile with elaborate embroidery on the blouses and sleeves and around the skirts, some in a dozen different colors all combined into one delightful whole, others just in one color, I don't know which are the loveliest!"

I eyed the box with interest. "And you bought one of these dresses? Goodness, aren't they terribly expensive?"

"Listen," said Cymbaline solemnly, "if I'd made a dress like the one I got—and did I nearly go crazy trying to settle on only one!—and done all that embroidering—only I couldn't have done it so well—it would have taken me at least a month and I'd have thought it was worth at least fifty dollars. And just look—" She opened the box and showed me her dress, one of the sheer voiles, rich with a riot of colored embroidery, a dress that, royally aloof from the vagaries of passing styles, would always hold its own in any season. "Just look—all that—for only twelve-fifty!"

I reached for my bag. "Are there any more? I'm going down right away. I've seen them in the window and looked at them with my mouth watering but I never thought they'd be anywhere near so reasonable."

"Yes, there are others, and don't miss the linen dresses, all embroidered, too, and specially those gorgeous linen coats with black and red cross-stitch. You never saw such cross-stitch! So fine and close and solid—it's striking. I actually saw one coat for \$19.50! I certainly hope I can save up enough money for one before they're all gone!"

GETS 90 DAYS FOR DRIVING AUTOMOBILE WHILE DRUNK

Leslie Happ of Monterey has been sentenced to 90 days in jail by Judge George L. Wood on his conviction of driving his car while drunk around the streets of Carmel. Judge Wood specified that parole be permitted after 30 days but that it would in that event be continued for six months.

Dr. F. J. S. Conlan of San Francisco, spent last week-end at his Pebble Beach home.

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Steve
Patterson



Open from 5:30 a.m.
to 9:30 p.m. every day

Sixth and San Carlos

News Brevities

Mrs. F. Engels of New York is spending a few summer weeks in her studio on North Monte Verde street. Last Wednesday evening she entertained a few friends by recounting New York events of interest. Among those enjoying her hospitality were Mr. and Mrs. Ross Burton, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Whitaker, Miss Jane Wills of Sacramento and Miss Sara Reamer.

Edward Weston, with his son, Brett, has opened a studio in Santa Monica Canyon, Los Angeles, where he expects to make his headquarters. Brett Weston formerly had a studio of photography in Santa Barbara.

James Keplinger, Jr., spent the week-end with his family in Carmel, driving down from San Francisco on Thursday.

Mrs. John Douglas Short, Langston Hughes, Noel Sullivan, Myron Brenig, and Mrs. Short's son, John, walked strenuously to visit Mr. and Mrs. Jaime D'Angulo at their Big Sur home on Sunday. The D'Angulos live 1900 feet above the sea, ten miles below the Big Sur and the only means of reaching them is by walking, or riding horseback, straight up the hill. But it's a beautiful scene to view the surrounding hills on three sides and the ocean on the fourth and well worth a hard hot walk.

We wondered what had become of Dewey Clough and here he is, back from a trip to Seattle, Washington. This reporter knew he was back, having heard a loud, shrill whistle upon approaching Whitney's the other evening.

Miss Kathie Sherman and Shellie Smith both of Palo Alto, stopped off in Carmel last week before taking up their duties for the summer, Miss Sherman as a consul and Miss Smith as dramatic instructor, at Camp Chaparral in Big Basin.

Misses Jerthe and Ellen Kleinschmidt spent a few short days in Carmel, before returning to Berkeley where they have been for the past month.

Colonel John Cocks has returned from Letterman Hospital in San Francisco where he has been for the past several weeks.

Charles Marsden, formerly the technician at the Grace Deere Velie Clinic, in medical school at the University of

Michigan in Ann Arbor for the past year, is once again in Carmel.

"Alabama" McCreery entertained at a gay party last Thursday night. The guests included Jerry Fitzgerald, Shirley Hoffman, Vera Hunter, Jean Leidig, Doris Crossman, Kay Bosinger, Betty Hyle, Florence Brown, Eleanor Watson, Bud Todd, Dick Sears, Ted Watson, Stuart and Ted Marble, Chuck Hotaling, Dick Thompson and John Mather.

The Misses Jessie and Ellen Brown of Palo Alto have taken a house on Lincoln and 13th and plan to remain the summer in Carmel.

Barbara Joyce, well known to the younger set in Carmel, has returned for the summer.

Ran into Stu Marble in Whitney's the other day and he was just full of news. One of the "scoops" I extracted from him was the Santa Cruz jaunt to the roller coasters that sounded like a lot of fun, and, according to Stu, it was. Sunday evening he, with Florence Brown, Virginia Wood, Shirley Hoffman, Hap Hasty, John Mather and Dick Sears set out for the merry-go-rounds and all had a jolly fine evening, going 'round and 'round and 'round.

Robert Cone, who was graduated from Modesto Junior College a few weeks ago, is in Carmel for the remainder of the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. John Todd and son, Bud, of Carmel Point are in San Jose for a few days.

Dick Sears, who has been in San Francisco for the past several months, is now working at Imelman's and expects to be here indefinitely.

Mrs. H. L. Watson has returned from a two months' extensive trip through the East where she visited friends and relatives.

Dr. Daniel T. MacDougal is off on another of his pleasant excursions. This time it is to Pico Blanco, in the Big Sur country, via the north fork of the Little hundred fingerlings (I had to ask too; minute minnows—baby trout). The fingerlings are supplied by the State. Thanks a lot, eh? It won't be long before you and

you, and I, too, can take a trip up there and land plenty of fish for a good "fry." Dr. MacDougal is taking Capt. Wm. Schaffer and Ted Marble with him. They make the trip with pack horses and will be gone a week.

Among those attending a party given by Hap Hasty Friday night were: Ted Watson, Eleanor Watson, Bob Cone, Al and Dick Fast.

Mrs. G. Zeigler and daughter, Agnes, of Oakland are visiting Mr. and Mrs. George Romine for the summer.

After spending a delightful week at Tassajara Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Rand, Miss Johnnie Johnson, and M. J. Murphy are back in Carmel.

Mrs. Rolf Thompson and children of Sacramento are here to spend one month in Low Tide on Scenic Drive.

Mrs. Clair Cone has returned to Merced, after a week-end's stay in her home on Monte Verde street.

Dick Thompson has quit the beach to go to work at the Union gas station in Monterey.

Mrs. Frederick H. Clark of Berkeley visited her sister, Mrs. Carrie H. Bassett, last week-end.

Mrs. Beatrice Kinkead of Palo Alto is visiting in Carmel. She has recently returned to California after a trip through

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in a

DANCE CONCERT

CARMEL PLAYHOUSE

Monday, July 15

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Soviet Russia. She is the mother of Robin Kinhead who was assistant to Walter Durante in Moscow and is now press agent for M. Ilin who wrote "New Russia's Primer" and who is coming to the United States shortly.

Moirra Wallace is taking a vacation at last. She's been working arduously for the past several years and is taking it easy for a while at her home in North Carmel. Miss Wallace has been doing mural paintings in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. John Von Salza of Palo Alto spent the week-end in Carmel with Mr. Von Salza's mother, Mrs. Lynn Gentry.

George Oppen of San Francisco is in Carmel for a few days.

A Watsonville youth, Elvin Boxold, was the second to lose his life in the Carmel River this summer. He drowned while swimming alone in a pool in the Cachagua district last Sunday.

Carmelites seen dancing at Del Monte Saturday night included: Bob Gane, F. Robert Smith, Dale Leidig, Beverly Tait, Moira Wallace, Peggy Clough and, from San Francisco, Millicent Clauson and Al Fleishhacker.

Eddie Files, we are glad to hear, is doing nicely now, having undergone a serious appendicitis operation at the Presidio Hospital. It is expected he will be able to come home in few days.

Mrs. Mimi Graft and daughter, Sandra, have taken a house in Los Altos for several months, having rented their beach house on Scenic Drive. They expect to be back here in the Fall.

Mr. and Mrs. Neb Lewis, formerly Carmel residents, are now living in Santa Barbara, are in town for a few days.

Myron Brinig, San Francisco novelist, was the week-end guest of Noel Sullivan.

Mr. and Mrs. D. L. James with their son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel James, are driving from Kansas City, Mo., to spend the summer in their home at Carmel Highlands.

Paul Taylor and a college friend, Miss Ruth Johnson, both students at The College of the Pacific will come down from Stockton to spend the Fourth of July with Paul's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ira Taylor.

Ade Harbolt of Carmel received word Sunday of the death of his father in Salinas. John Harbolt who's home was in King City, died of heart failure while

visiting his daughter, Mrs. Pansy Sheckleford, in Salinas.

The Serra Festival and Pageant lost a strong supporter and fine worker when Tom Thienes went to San Diego to help in the Exposition. He wrote most of the publicity last year.

Jerry Fitzgerald has returned to Carmel after a year of college at Pasadena Junior College. Miss Fitzgerald is a former Monterey High School student.

Vera Hunter represented Carmel in the beauty contest at the Pacific Grove waterfront program last Saturday evening, by request of the committee in charge. Besides being a student of dancing with Ruth Austin, she is studying voice with Vasia Anikeef, who plans to present her in concert in the Fall.

Charles Richards and Robert Boast of San Jose spent last week-end at the former's home in the Monterey Peninsula Country Club and visited friends in Carmel.

A San Jose advertising man, Orville Holtzclaw, spent last week-end with Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Smith in the Carmel Valley.

Bob, Don and Paul Clappett were at their mother's home over the week-end. Mrs. Galt Bell is here with her children staying with Mrs. Clappett.

The heat of the San Joaquin Valley is driving Fresno people to their summer homes here. This week Mrs. N. K. Wild and children opened their house on Camino Real and Twelfth.

The grandson of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Keplinger, James Keplinger, came down from San Francisco last week-end to visit them while attending the dog show.

Mr. and Mrs. John Orcutt came down from San Francisco last Friday to open their home at Pebble Beach for the summer months.

Isabelle Hudson of Monterey was arrested on a charge of driving without due caution in Carmel June 25.

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Elmer Elsworth Brownell, father of Herbert Brownell and Dr. Raymond E. Brownell of Carmel, died of heart failure in Gilroy last Thursday. For 31 years superintendent of school in Gilroy, he had retired last year at 69. Besides the two local men, Dr. Harry Brownell of Monterey and Dr. Brownell of Nevada are surviving sons.

Frederick Bechdolt started writing publicity for the Serra Festival but has given it up because demands from his publisher require all of his time for fiction writing.

Betty Downing has returned from Monterey and again taken over the management of the Carmel Style Shop, replacing Mrs. Augusta Conally and her daughter, Mary. She returned to the shop on Monday.

Millicent Clauson of San Francisco is here for the summer.

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GOODBYE AGAIN

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Carmel Playhouse

July 4, 5, 6, 7

Telephone 403 Starts 8:30 p.m.



Nora Holt Sings In Carmel This Saturday Night

"Oh! Marvelous! Swell! Nora Holt's coming to town." That's what we've heard on every side, ever since the first poster appeared on the Gallery's wall. A lot of us remember Nora, from her visit to Carmel last year. While here she was the guest of Noel Sullivan and many delightful evenings were given for her but, as it always turned out, it was she who gave the evenings. She loves it, entertaining her friends with her songs: folksongs, spirituals, blues and modern jazz. You feel immediately, that she loves doing them more than you do listening to them. She has, in her repertoire, innumerable little, what could be called only, "delightful ditties" which she sang last year on several occasions—and she's probably collected many more during the last year.

She is, beyond a doubt, a negro entertainer de luxe, as many advance notices have described her. She can be charmingly gay, inoffensively risqué, beautifully sad, picturesquely interpretative—all in one program, all in one evening.

At one cocktail party last year, at which she was the guest of honor, she was tireless, and a darned good sport about being tireless. They wouldn't let her stop singing—and, best of all, she had as much fun as we did.

Nora Holt will be at the Denny-Watrous Gallery this coming Saturday night. Her personal charm is more than magnitudinous and "you can't resist" her.

"Goodbye Again" Next Pinon Play

Tomorrow night at the Carmel Playhouse the Pinon Players open a four-day run of Haight and Scott's New York success of two year's ago, "Goodbye Again". With Osgood Perkins in the leading role, this vastly amusing comedy ran almost a year on Broadway but has never been produced in Northern California.

The play is under the direction of Harriet M. Smith whose productions of "The First Mrs. Fraser" and "There's Always Juliet" received such favorable comment. The setting, a bedroom in a Statler hotel, is the work of Stuart King.

Harry Mines, who will be remembered as Ninian in "The First Mrs. Fraser" and as the Mayor in "The Inspector General", will be seen tomorrow night in "Goodbye Again" as Kenneth Bixby, a slightly insane author. Playing opposite Mines as his secretary, is Beatrice Newport who played "Mrs Fraser" in the Pinon opening production. Playing supporting roles are Gene Cady, Digby Smith, Franklin Wilbur, Donald Harter and Jack Leidig.

Jack Goodman To Dance Monday

Jack Goodman, dancer, will give a recital at the Community Playhouse Monday evening, July 15.

He has agility and balance, quickness and smoothness in dancing. A dance which he accompanies with cymbals is simple and merry. "Lotus Land," an authentic oriental dance, will be given because of the insistence of manager Norris d'Amron because the contrast it makes cannot be overlooked. In this, Goodman's facial expression is so oriental that he has been persuaded to give up wearing a mask.

On the program is a fire dance in which he whirls like a spinning top. He goes modern and comments that it is good exercise. One fascinating but simple Russian dance is his biggest hit. He said people like the easy dances. Two African dances to thrilling music and a Portuguese Peasant dance add variety.

The last is a number from the Ballet Les Sylphides of the Russian Ballet School set to Chopin's Valse Brilliant, arranged for two pianos by Mary Ingels Cowen and played by her and Mary Walker.

NO FIREWORKS PERMITTED EXCEPT ON THE SAND DUNES

A fine of \$100 or less faces adults and juveniles alike who fail to comply with the city ordinance which prohibits the shooting of firecrackers or fireworks in the city limits other than on the sand dunes. The police department has caused posters to be placed in various sections of the city and bearing notices of the ordinance.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE CHURCH IS ADDING TWO WINGS

First Church of Christ, Scientist, Carmel, is enlarging its church edifice with the construction of two wings, each 10 by 30, which will give an added seating capacity of approximately 100. Guy Koepp is the architect, Carlyle Stoney the contractor. M. J. Murphy is furnishing the pews.

HOMESTEAD CAFE

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*A la carte Service all
afternoon in dining rooms
under the trees*

SIXTH & MISSION ... FACING PARK

BATTLESHIP IDAHO MAY BE VISITED IN MONTEREY BAY

Capt. A. C. Stott, commanding officer of the United States battleship Idaho, has notified the Carmel Business Association of the scheduled arrival of that ship in the Bay of Monterey this morning at 8 o'clock. He invites anyone who wishes to visit the ship today or tomorrow between the hours of 1 to 5. Ship's boats will make regular trips from the Municipal Wharf to take passengers on board the Idaho.

M. Galkovitch, Soviet Russian consul at San Francisco, was a visitor to Carmel with his wife, Nina, the past week. They were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Rhys Williams.

* * *

Jean Cowen returned last Sunday from San Francisco where she was visiting her father, Mervyn Cowen.

* * *

Gretchen Schoeninger and Eleanor Stone are expected to arrive in Carmel from Los Angeles this week-end to spend a few days.

* * *

Arnie Anderson of Palo Alto was the week-end guest of Charles, better known as "Speck," Watson.



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